ATLAS

MEN'S ADVENTURES

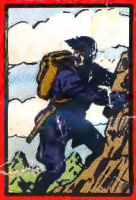
RUGGED TALES OF REAL ADVENTURE!

JAN.
NO. 25

MEN'S Adventures

10¢

"THE ROOF OF THE WORLD!"



"THE 3RD CORPSE!"

"THE SHARK!"

"WHO SHRINKS MY HEAD?"

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS ON THE BEAM!

GIVEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE, PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRINGING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN' JUPITER! YOU'RE SURE SIZZLING TH' OL' ROCKET TODAY, TED!

SAY! THAT CAMERA SURE IS SUPERSONIC! YOU MUST HAVE STRUCK A URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST ME A DIME- JUST GOT IT FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!

HURRY AN' GET DE-PRES-SURIZED!

MAIL COUPON

Footballs, Pocket Watches, etc.

Fishing Outfits . . . Flashlights . . . 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles

ACT NOW! HURRY

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO AND A TELESCOPE TOO! IT'S EASY SELLING TO YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART PICTURES - THAT'S FOR ME!

TRAINING BASE

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

U.S. MAIL

R.T.

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.

ACT NOW

Ukeleles, Watches, Lovable Dolls.

WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE PRICE 35¢

OUR 58th YEAR

Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, etc. Mail coupon.

ACT NOW

BE FIRST

Radios, Candid Cameras with carrying cases, Telescopes, Roller Skates (sent postage paid) . . . Mail coupon to start.

LET'S GO!

LET'S GO!

MAIL COUPON!

GET BIG CATALOG!

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players. Movie Machines (postage pd.). Rush coupon to start!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WE TRUST YOU!

OUR 58th YEAR!

LOOK!

Food Choppers, Carving Sets, Bibles. Mail coupon.

Footballs, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Boys' Girls' Bicycles (express chgs. collect).

.22 Cal. Rifles, Archery Sets, School Boxes, Wallets. Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.

LET'S GO!

ACT NOW!

Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches, Baking Sets, Typewriters, etc.

Lucite Dresser Sets, Cook Books, etc.

ACT NOW!

OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 148-B, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ST. ..... R. D. ..... BOX .....

TOWN ..... ZONE NO. ..... STATE .....

PRINT EASY NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

MEN'S ADVENTURES is published by COMIC COMBINE CORP., Office of Publication: 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at CANTON, OHIO. Published bi-monthly.

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Vol. 1, No. 25, JANUARY 1954 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate $1.45 for 12 issues including postage. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. Monroe Froehlich, Jr., Business Manager.

DOES THE PICTURE BELOW MAKE COLD SHIVERS RUN UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE? IT DOES? GOOD! BUT THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE SHOCK THAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU WHEN YOU REACH THE CLIMAX OF THIS WEIRDIE!

THE SHRUNKEN HEAD

HE HELD THE GRUESOME THING IN HIS HAND! HE'D BEEN IN THE AMAZON COUNTRY A LONG TIME, BUT HE'D *NEVER* SEEN A SHRUNKEN HEAD LIKE *THIS* ONE!

DIAMONDS, WHITE, COLD, BEAUTIFUL, PLUGGED THE NOSTRILS OF THIS HORROR THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN! A HUGE EMERALD HUNG LIKE A PENDANT FROM THE GUT THAT SEWED THE LIPS TOGETHER!

HE REMEMBERED THE FIRST TIME HE'D SEEN IT: HE AND CARL BRUNNER, THE HUNTER, HAD BEEN TALKING...

RED REVER LIKED CARL! WHISPERS HAD COME TO HIM FROM THE INTERIOR, OF THE HUNTER'S BRUTAL, ARROGANT TREATMENT OF THE NATIVES. BUT FEW WHITE MEN CAME TO THIS FORGOTTEN OUTPOST...
I TELL YOU THERE'S A FORTUNE TO BE MADE FROM THIS LOUSY COUNTRY, IF A MAN USES HIS HEAD WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY COMES!
THEN THE SHADOW HAD FALLEN ACROSS THE FLOOR...
WHERE DID THAT SCARECROW COME FROM?
FOOD...A BIT OF TEA! I'M BLAME WELL DONE IN, GUV'NER! DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' THAT BLASTED JUNGLE! GOT SOMETHIN' TO SHOW YUH!
'ERE! AIN'T THAT A SIGHT?
A SHRUNKEN HEAD! BUT THOSE STONES... ARE THEY REAL?
YEAH, THEY'RE REAL ALL RIGHT! BUT WHERE DID THIS COME FROM? IT AIN'T JIVARO WORK! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?
SO TIRED! LITTLE BUGS, MILLIONS OF 'EM ...AN' THE BIG SNAKES ...AN' I KEPT GOIN'...
WHERE DID YA GET THIS HEAD? WHERE DID THESE STONES COME FROM?
ME AN' THE OTHERS, SCOUTIN' THE UPPER REACHES OF THE AMAZON FOR RUBBER! ON AN' ON WE WENT, WHERE NO WHITE MAN'S EVER BEEN BEFORE...TO CHUCTA COUNTRY... I...I...
HE'S COMPLETELY PLAYED OUT! POOR FELLOW MUST'VE HAD A DREADFUL EXPERIENCE!
THE CHUCTA COUNTRY! IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THROUGH, IT'S SAID! THIS LITTLE PUNK AN' HIS PARTY MUST'VE STUMBLED ON A PASSAGE BY ACCIDENT!

HE NEEDS REST AND NOURISHMENT!
I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY HUT, COMMISSIONER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
HE'D SAT DOWN, LOOKING AT THE HEAD AND JEWELS THAT FLAMED IN THE LIGHT; HIS THOUGHTS WERE VAGRANT THINGS, WONDERING ABOUT THE STONES, ABOUT THE LITTLE MAN AND HIS PARTY! THEN HE'D HEARD THE SCREAMS!
THE SCREAMS WERE COMING FROM CARL'S HUT!
HE WANTS ME TO TAKE HIM TO THE CHUCTA COUNTRY! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK THERE! PLEASE, GUV'NER, DON'T LET HIM STICK ME WITH THE KNIFE ANY MORE!
YOU DIRTY, BRUTAL SNAKE!
DON'T INTERFERE, COMMISSIONER!
THERE'S WEALTH IN THIS COUNTRY, IF A MAN USES HIS HEAD WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY COMES. THIS IS IT! A COUNTRY FILLED WITH DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM GETTING THEM!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, FOR THIS BRUTAL BUSINESS! YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE CHUCTA COUNTRY!
HE REMEMBERED THE BLAST AND THE AWFUL, SEARING PAIN TEARING THROUGH HIM!
I WARNED YUH!
IT WAS NIGHT WHEN HE'D COME TO! THE PAIN WAS STILL WITH HIM, ACCOMPANIED BY A TERRIBLE WEAKNESS...
THE WHITE HUNTER, CARL BRUNNER, AND THE LITTLE MAN...?
THEY GONE, UP RIVER IN DUGOUTS! WHITE HUNTER'S NATIVE BOYS GO TOO! LITTLE MAN SICK! HE TIED UP! HUNTER STEAL FOOD FOR LONG TRIP!

THAT HAD BEEN MONTHS AGO, AND HE HAD HEARD NOTHING OF BRUNNER SINCE. BUT HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN! HOW COULD HE, AFTER WHAT CARL'S BULLETS HAD DONE TO HIM...WRECKED HIS HEALTH AND PUT A LIMIT TO HIS DAYS OF LIVING...

AND THERE WAS STILL THE HEAD TO REMIND HIM...

HE LOOKED UP AT THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW THAT PARTIALLY BLOCKED THE LIGHT FROM THE DOORWAY, AND IT WAS AS IF THOSE MONTHS HAD NEVER BEEN...AS THOUGH THIS WAS A THING STUCK IN THE CYCLE OF TIME...

BILLY!

BLAME WELL DONE IN, GUV'NER! NEVER THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT! BUGS, AN' BLOODY BIG SNAKES, AN' SAVAGES, SCREAMIN'!

HE STAGGERED IN HIS VOICE A BABBLING MONOTONE, HIS EYES FILLED WITH STARING MADNESS...

I NEVER WANTED TO GO BACK! JUNGLE...BIRDS, BUGS, CROCS...

SIT DOWN, BILLY! TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

THEN BIT BY BIT, THE STORY CAME, THE PICTURES FORMED SHAPED BY THE CRAZY, WHINING VOICE OF THE LITTLE COCKNEY...

HE TOOK ME TO HIS HUT AN' HURT ME! THEN A MAN CAME IN, BUT THAT CARL, HE SHOT HIM!

I KNOW ABOUT THAT, BILLY. I'M THE MAN HE SHOT! HERE, DRINK THIS AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT!

"THE MAN LAY ON THE GROUND AN' CARL HE CUT ME AN' WHIPPED ME, AN' I COULDN'T STAND NO MORE..."

"SO WE WENT UP RIVER, DEEPER AN' DEEPER INTO THAT JUNGLE..."

NO! DON'T HURT ME NO MORE! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE CHUCTA COUNTRY, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PASSAGE!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' SENSE!

DIG, YUH DIRTY HEATHENS, OR I'LL CUT YOUR HIDES OFF! PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT!

"WE CAME TO FORBIDDEN COUNTRY, THE EDGE OF THE CHUCTA LAND! THE NATIVES DIDN'T WANT TO GO ON! THEY TRIED TO SNEAK AWAY! CARL CAUGHT 'EM, AN'..."

I AIN'T LETTIN' YUH GO SO YOU CAN BRING OTHERS HERE!

"HE KEPT ME PRISONER! HE DROVE ON AN' ON, HIS EYES GLITTERIN' AN' ALWAYS MUTTERIN' 'BOUT DIAMONDS AN' EMERALDS..."

KEEP GOIN' OR I'LL SKIN YUH ALIVE! HOW MUCH FURTHER IS IT?

JUST A LITTLE WAY NOW BEFORE WE HIT THE CHUCTA VILLAGE, BUT I TELL YUH, CARL, THESE CHUCTAS WILL TAKE OUR HEADS AS SOON'S THEY SEE US...

"IT WAS DARK WHEN WE CREPT TO THE EDGE OF THE CHUCTA VILLAGE..."

NOW I'LL SHOW YUH HOW TO TAKE OVER THESE NATIVES! I'LL HAVE THEM EATIN' OUTTA MY HAND! A MAN JUST HAS TO USE HIS HEAD! ALCOHOL ON THIS TORCH... IT'S A COLD FLAME, SEE? NOW, WATCH!

"HE LIT THE TORCHES AN' RAN INTO THE VILLAGE SHOUTIN' HE WAS THE GOD OF FIRE! HE PASSED THAT COLD FLAME OVER HIS FLESH...EVEN PUT A TORCH OUT WITH HIS TONGUE! THE NATIVES FELL TO THE GROUND IN AWE..."

I'M THE GOD OF FIRE! SEE, FIRE CANNOT HARM ME! I EAT IT!

"YUP, HE MADE 'EM BELIEVE HE WAS THE GOD OF FIRE! HE MADE 'EM SHOW HIM WHERE THEY DUG UP THE DIAMONDS AN' EMERALDS..."

LOOK AT THEM! A KING'S RANSOM! NOW I'LL SHOW THESE STINKIN' SAVAGES THE POWER OF THEIR GOD OF FIRE!

"HE DROVE 'EM WITH WHIP AN' GUN, DIGGIN' AN' MININ' THE JEWELS, AN' PRETTY SOON AN AWFUL FEAR AN' HATRED WAS ADDED TO THE AWE THOSE POOR INDIANS FELT FOR THEIR FIRE GOD..."

DIG! GRUB UP THE SPARKLIN' BEAUTIES FOR YOUR FIRE GOD!

"HE LIVED LIKE A GOD, SERVED HAND AN' FOOT! THEN CAME A NIGHT WHEN ALL THE BAGS WE COULD CARRY OUT WERE FILLED TO OVERFLOWIN'..."

GET OUT, YUH FILTHY DOGS! GET OUT, WHILE YOUR GOD MAKES MAGIC! HA, HA, HA!

WE CAN'T CARRY ANY MORE JEWELS OUT! THERE'S ENOUGH THERE NOW TO BUY ALL OF LONDON! LET'S GET OUT!
YES, IT'S TIME TO MOVE! BUT ONLY ME, BILLY! I CAN'T SHARE THIS SECRET WITH ANY MAN...ESPECIALLY A LITTLE SNEAKY RAT LIKE YOU!

SO I'LL LEAVE THEM ANOTHER HEAD TO SHRINK AN' REMEMBER ME BY WHEN THEY FIND THEIR FIRE GOD GONE IN THE MORNIN'!
NO! I WON'T TALK! I DON'T WANT ANY OF THE JEWELS!

"THE MACHETE GLINTED IN THE YELLOW LIGHT! I FIGURED I WAS DONE FOR! THEN HE BROUGHT IT SWEEPIN' DOWN ...AN' IT HIT THE KEROSENE LAMP..."
ARRRGHH!

"AN' THE NATIVES SAW HIS HAIR BURNIN' AN' HIS FLESH SEARIN' AN' HE WASN'T THEIR FIRE GOD ANY MORE! AN' ALL THE AWE AN' FEAR WAS GONE, AN' ONLY THEIR SAVAGE HATE WAS LEFT!"

THE LITTLE MAN WAS BABBLING AGAIN ...WORDS THAT DION'T MAKE SENSE...
BILLY, DO YOU HEAR ME? WHERE'S CARL? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE NATIVES CLOSED IN?
EH? OH, ME AN' CARL...WE GOT AWAY, WE DID! YUP, WE CAME BACK! CARL, HE'S WITH ME!

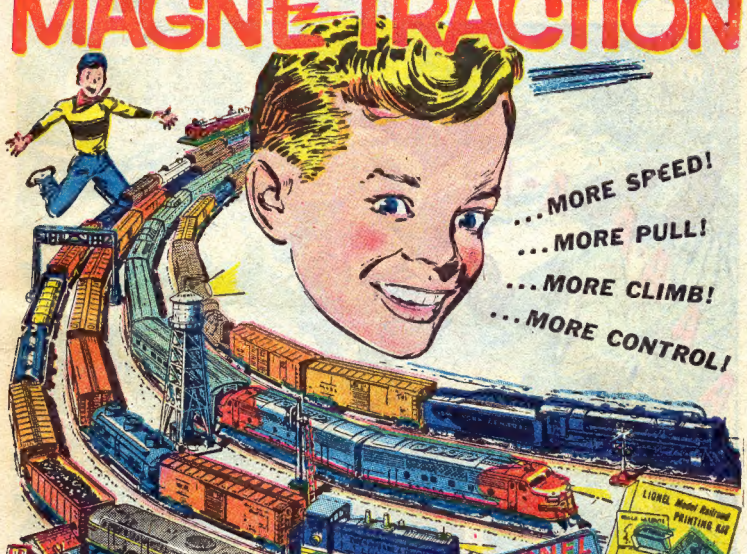
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THERE'S EVERYTHING EVERY BOY WANTS IN...

LIONEL TRAINS

WITH

MAGNE-TRACTION



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YEAH...CARL USED HIS HEAD, ALL RIGHT...BUT HE *OVERDID* IT, EH? MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IS VERY MUCH IN THE NEWS THESE DAYS...SO BUNDLE UP NICE AND WARM, KIDDIES...IT CAN GET MIGHTY COLD...AND DANGEROUS...WAY UP THERE ON...

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

ONE OF THE WEIRDEST OF ALL MEN'S ADVENTURES!
I WARNED YOU, BONN, NOT TO TRY TO BEAT ME TO THE TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN! IT'S *MINE*... *I'M* THE GUY WHO DISCOVERED IT!
A-A-A-

THORN KELLER DUCKS...AND THE ICE PICK DIGS INTO THE SERAC* BEHIND HIM...
*GLACIER ICE TOWER.
HE YANKS OUT THE AX AND CHARGES AT ALEX, AS THE LATTER STRUGGLES WITH ONE OF KELLER'S PARTNERS...
THERE'LL ONLY BE ONE OF YOUR TEAM LEFT AFTER I SINK THIS AX INTO YOUR BACK!
KELLER CHOPS DOWN WITH THE AX, AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, ALEX MOVES FROM THE SPOT AND SWINGS KELLER'S PARTNER INTO THE POSITION!
YOU...YOU KILLED ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN!
THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT, ALEX! BUT IT WON'T BE AN ACCIDENT WHEN YOU TWO GUYS WAKE UP SOME MORNING WITH A PITON* STICKING THRU YOUR HEARTS...IF YOU DON'T GET OFF THIS PEAK!
WE'RE STAYING! YOUR RADAR FOUND THIS PEAK WHEN YOU WERE JOCKEYIN' A C-47... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU OWN IT... EVEN IF YOU DID NAME IT AFTER YOURSELF!
*AN IRON PIN WITH RING AT ONE END.
BONN WAS YOUR CO-PILOT ON THAT RUN AND YOU PROMISED HIM THAT YOU TWO WOULD CLIMB THIS PEAK TOGETHER AFTER THE WAR! BUT YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM, SO YOU COULD HOG ALL THE GLORY!
YOU MURDERED HIM, KELLER... BUT WE'RE GONNA FINISH WHAT BONN STARTED!
LET THEM GO, KELLER! THEY'VE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT HERE AS...OWWW!
SHUT UP, PETRO!
...OR YOU'LL END UP THE WAY THEY'RE GONNA END UP... DEAD!

DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE CLIMB ROUTES OF THE TWO TEAMS DON'T CROSS...AND THE MEN CLIMB DAY AND NIGHT...
WE'LL KILL OURSELVES IF WE KEEP UP THIS PACE, KELLER! WE'RE 20,000 FEET UP...WE'VE GOT TO REST!
CUT OUT YOUR BELLY-ACHIN', PETRO! WE DON'T SQUAT UNTIL THOSE OTHER TWO GUYS DO... SO KEEP GOIN'!
LOOK, KELLER! THEY'RE MAKIN' BIVOUAC NOW!
OKAY... THEN WE'LL FLOP TOO!
A TENT IS PITCHED AND PETRO SINKS INTO A DEEP SLEEP IMMEDIATELY... BUT KELLER SITS AND PLANS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OTHER TWO-MAN TEAM...
THEY'RE YOUNGER THAN I AM AND THEY CAN BEAT ME TO THE TOP...UNLESS I STOP THEM NOW!
PETRO! WAKE UP!
HUH,? WHAT'S UP,? IS IT TIME TO GO ALREADY,?
YEAH...TIME FOR YOU TO GO! I WANT YOU TO SNEAK UP TO THEIR CAMP AND RAID IT! TAKE THEIR ROPES, AXES, CRAMPONS*, BOOTS...
BUT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO CLIMB WITHOUT THEIR EQUIPMENT!
* STEEL FRAMES WITH SPIKES FOR SOLES OF THE BOOTS!
AND THEIR FEET WILL FREEZE WITHOUT THEIR BOOTS! I CAN'T DO... OWW!
YOU'LL DO IT, PETRO... OR YOUR FACE'LL LOOK LIKE HAMBURGER MEAT AFTER I GET THRU MASSAGIN' IT WITH THIS CRAMPON!
OKAY... I-I'LL GO!

KELLER WATCHES AS PETRO SCALES THE ARETE* AND STEALS INTO THE OTHER TEAM'S BIVOUAC...

THESE GUYS'LL NEVER MAKE IT... UP OR DOWN... WITHOUT THIS STUFF! BUT I...I GOTTA DO IT...OR THAT MANIAC KELLER WILL KILL ME!

*RIDGE OF SNOW!

PETRO'S MISSION IS SUCCESSFUL...UNTIL HE TRIES TO LEAVE AND STUMBLES OVER A MESS KIT...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT RACKET? WHO IS IT?

IT'S KELLER'S STOOGE ...IN OUR CAMP... AND LOADED WITH OUR GEAR! LET'S GET HIM!

PETRO DROPS THE REST OF THE STUFF AND START'S TO RUN...

HE MADE ME DO IT... HE MADE ME!

SUDDENLY A GIANT OPENING SLICES ACROSS PETRO'S PATH...

A CREVASSE! I'M TRAPPED!

UNLESS I CAN JUMP IT...

BUT THE GAP IS TOO WIDE... AND PETRO DROPS INTO THE BOTTOMLESS ICEBOX!

YA-A-A-A!

THAT'S THE END OF PETRO! IT'S ONE AGAINST TWO NOW... BUT I'LL EVEN THOSE ODDS! I'VE ***GOT*** TO WIN THIS RACE TO THE TOP!

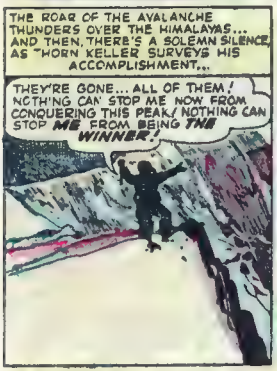
DESPERATION AND ANGER ARE FUEL FOR KELLER AS THE CLIMB CONTINUES WITH THE AID OF OXYGEN MASKS! AND DAYS LATER, WHEN THE OTHER TEAM BIVOUACS AT 29,000 FEET, KELLER KEEPS GOING...

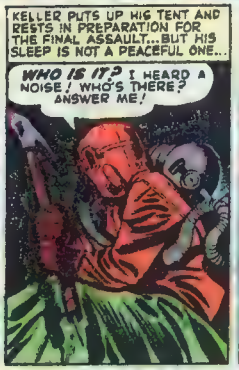
THAT PUTS ME ***AHEAD*** OF THEM NOW! THEIR BIVOUAC IS BELOW THIS CORNICE... AND NOW'S THE TIME FOR A KELLER-MADE AVALANCHE!

THIS'LL PUT ***THEM*** IN DEEP-FREEZE FOR ETERNITY... AND ***MAKE ME*** THE WINNER OF THIS RACE OF DEATH TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD!

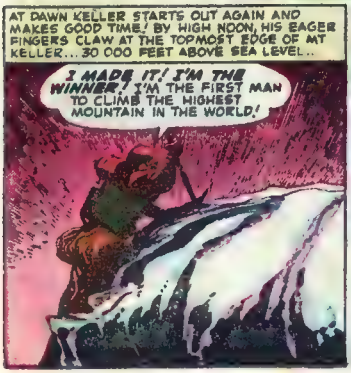
KELLER'S UP THERE! HE STARTED IT!
LOOK OUT, STANISLAW! IT'S AN AVALANCHE!

OW-W-W-W


THE ROAR OF THE AVALANCHE THUNDERS OVER THE HIMALAYAS... AND THEN, THERE'S A SOLEMN SILENCE AS "HORN KELLER SURVEYS HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT...
THEY'RE GONE... ALL OF THEM! NOTH'NG CAN STOP ME NOW FROM CONQUERING THIS PEAK! NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM BEING THE WINNER!


KELLER PUTS UP HIS TENT AND RESTS IN PREPARATION FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT... BUT HIS SLEEP IS NOT A PEACEFUL ONE...
WHO IS IT? I HEARD A NOISE! WHO'S THERE? ANSWER ME!

AW, I'M LETTING THE EXCITEMENT MAKE ME JUMPY! THERE CAN'T BE ANYBODY UP HERE BUT ME!


AT DAWN KELLER STARTS OUT AGAIN AND MAKES GOOD TIME! BY HIGH NOON, HIS EAGER FINGERS CLAW AT THE TOPMOST EDGE OF MT KELLER... 30 000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL..
I MADE IT! I'M THE WINNER! I'M THE FIRST MAN TO CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD!

THE SECOND MAN, KELLER! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR 20 MINUTES!
ALEX! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU... YOU'RE DEAD!

IF I'M DEAD, KELLER ... THEN YOU WON'T FEEL THIS!
OW!
I SAVED MYSELF BY HUGGING THE ICE WALL UNDER THAT CORNICE YOU TURNED INTO AN AVALANCHE, AND IT PASSED OVER ME! I GOT HERE FIRST, YOU KILLER! I'M THE WINNER!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT....NOT WITHOUT THIS!
MY OXYGEN MASK! NO... DON'T!
DON'T THROW IT AWAY! DON'T! I... I NEED AIR (GASP!)
SURE, ALEX... HERE'S SOME AIR!
SUDDENLY, KELLER BEGINS TO BREATHE HARD! HE COUGHS AND CHOKES...
I... I MUST'VE EXERTED MYSELF! I'M NOT (GASP!) GETTING ANY AIR! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THE TANK!
A HOLE! CUT INTO MY OXYGEN TANK (GASP!) THAT NOISE LAST NIGHT (GASP!) IT... IT WAS ALEX! (GASP!) ARRG-H-H!
THE HEAVENS DARKEN AND A WHITE SHROUD OF SNOW FALLS OVER THE TWO DEAD MEN ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD...
AND THE SAME SNOW CROWNS THE MAJESTIC, DEFIANT, CHALLENGING WINNER... MOUNT KELLER!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

JUST ONE MORE CHANCE

THE sweat is poring down my forehead. My shirt is becoming saturated with the sweat inspired by my agonizing fear. I see inevitable death facing me in these terrible moments. Is the end really so near? And yet I have only to make up my mind . . . come to a swift decision on the two choices that hovering figure has offered me! I glance quickly over to the spectral image of Fate standing silently in the corner of the room. He is waiting for my answer. Am I willing to accept sudden death as it comes ever closer to me? Or should I agree to allow this all-powerful presence of Fate to turn the clock back just a short period of time and so avoid this whirling, buzzing thing that is coming toward me? In a split second of time, I think back over everything that has taken place in the past weeks . . . those terrible days and nights that had brought disappointment, jealousy, rage . . . and murder! All the incidents that led up to this agonizing moment are returning in my mind's eye to plague me. And I can see the face of the beautiful Laura, whom I loved but could not have.

It had all begun a few months before, when I asked Carl Gibbons to give me a job in his lumber mill. Carl was a rich man and his mill was operating at full capacity. He could always put on another man and find plenty of work to keep him busy. So Carl gave me a job.

I saved my money, figuring out to the day when I would have enough for a diamond ring. Then I was going to ask Laura to be my wife. But there was something I hadn't counted on. Someone else had seen Laura and begun to court her. Carl Gibbons, owner of the lumber mill! When I saw Laura out with Gibbons on dates . . . dancing or riding by in his big car, the blood began to boil in me. I had thought that Laura cared a lot for me, and would accept my proposal when the time came. But now what kind of a chance did I have? Gibbons was not only the richest man around this region . . . he was also Laura's father's boss. Surely Laura could not jeopardize her father's job in the mill by turning a cold shoulder to Carl Gibbons. But I had no intention of giving her up without a fight! The first round of my strategy called for a subtle campaign against Gibbons. The next time I saw Laura without Gibbons at the dance hall in town, I put my plan into operation.

Laura seemed pleased to see me when I asked her for the next dance. We waltzed around the floor, smiling at each other and talking about general topics. When the dance number ended, I led Laura out onto the large side porch and offered her a cigarette. As we smoked and looked out into the dark blue countryside, I managed to get the conversation around to Gibbons. I mentioned how much older he was than any of the marriageable young girls in town. Surely none of the girls looking for a husband could seriously consider Carl Gibbons. And I spoke of his ugly face. Carl Gibbons *was* ugly . . . his greed for money and power seemed to wrinkle his face more and more each day. That was the first round of my campaign against my rival for Laura's love. I thought I had won the campaign that night.

But the next evening I knew I had failed! For Laura was out riding again with Carl Gibbons in his big limousine. As they drove by, they glanced at me and both of them started to laugh! Had she repeated everything I had told her to my rival? What else could that glance and sudden laughter mean? I returned to my furnished room in town, only to pass a sleepless night on my bed visualizing those taunting glances and hearing again the ridiculing laughter!

The following morning I went to work at the mill at the usual hour. As a matter of fact it was *this* morning. Yes, it was just yesterday evening that Gibbons and Laura had laughed at me! It's all coming back to me now! When I arrived at the mill, Gibbons was already there. He seemed to be waiting for me. When I entered the mill room, he glanced at me and burst into laughter!

"Trying to tear me down with Laura, eh?" he said. "Maybe I *am* older than you . . . yes, and uglier too! But I'm *rich*, Wilbur . . . *rich!* And it's my money that'll win Laura's consent to marry me! I don't need youth and beauty!" And Gibbons burst into laughter again.

So she *had* told him everything I'd said to her at the dance! That meant Laura had

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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...CONTINUED

intended to marry Gibbons all along. I never had a chance with her! It was then that my boiling rage overwhelmed me. If *I* couldn't have the beautiful Laura as my wife, then neither would Gibbons! I swung out with my right fist and caught Gibbons square on the jaw! He fell back against a pile of lumber. He shook his head to clear it. Then he looked at me with all the loathing I knew he must feel for me. He started toward me. I no longer had control of myself. All I knew was that the man I hated was coming toward me. I reached over and picked up a heavy plank. When Gibbons was within reach I slammed the wood down on his head. He collapsed without a sound! Again and again I smashed the plank down on the pulpy head of this hateful man. I knew he was already dead, but I kept swinging! Then I heard footsteps approaching the mill. I dropped the plank and looked out the window. Laura was approaching with her father!

I mumbled aloud in my panic. "I'll be sent to the chair! Why did I do it? If I only had another chance . . . I'd know better next time!"

That's when *he* appeared! It was the spectral image of Fate over in the corner of the room! "I offer you a second chance, to rectify the terrible crime you have committed! I shall turn Time back *five minutes*, when your rival was still taunting you. Let us see what you will do, if I give you this second chance!"

There was a blinding flash. The past five minutes must have been blotted out, for there was Gibbons standing before me, very much alive. And he was saying: "I'm *rich*, Wilbur . . . *rich!* And it's my money that'll win Laura's consent to marry me! I don't need youth and beauty!" And Gibbons burst into laughter again.

I swung my fist at Gibbons and he fell back against the pile of lumber. He got to his feet and came toward me. My hand reached out for that plank . . . and then I remembered. Fate was giving me a second chance. I wasn't going to commit murder *again!* Instead, I let Gibbons grab me, and we struggled. Gibbons was a powerful man. With one violent thrust he tossed me across the room. My body pushed against a switch. I fell onto the moving conveyor belt which carried logs toward the whirling sharp teeth of the cutting saw's blade! I was weak from the fight, and couldn't move!

And so, at this very moment, the belt is carrying me closer to those destructive, jagged teeth of the saw! And Fate is standing in the corner and looking at me. I can hear him asking me over and over: "Well, Wilbur . . . I gave you a second chance! Will you let things *stay* as they are *now?* Or shall I give you back those five minutes . . . when your rival lay dead at your feet and you had the blood of your murder victim on your hands? TAKE YOUR CHOICE!"

And I can't make up my mind! The conveyor belt is dragging me closer, closer to the whizzing teeth of the pounding blade! But . . . . *I can't make up my mind!*

THE END D-388

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THE SHARK!

FIFTEEN FEET OF TIGER SHARK AGAINST 6 FEET 2 OF "HARPOON!" MEKAY AIN'T EXACTLY EVEN-STEPHEN... BUT THEN NOBODY TWISTED MY ARM TO BE A SHARK-HUNTER!

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D392

THE FIRST CHARGE THAT SEA TIGER MADE WAS HIS TEST RUN... THAT I LEARNED WHEN I WAS A FROG MAN FOR THE NAVY! BUT THE NEXT RUSH WAS THE REAL THING!

HE'S GOT MORE SETS OF IVORY IN HIS VAP THAN A CHURCH ORGAN!

AND ALL *MY* E GOT IS THIS SPEAR GUN - BUT IT'S ALL *YOURS*, TIGER!

I PULLED THE TRIGGER! THE HEAVY SPRING SHOVED THE SPEAR OUT OF THE GUN AND IT RIPPED INTO THE SHARK'S UNDERBELLY...

NOW IF THAT PATCHED-UP STEEL LINE HOLDS WHEN HE MAKES THE BIG JERK... I'LL HAVE ME A SHARK!

THE BIG YANK CAME AND ALMOST JERKED MY ARMS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS...BUT THE LINE HELD! I WRAPPED IT AROUND A CORAL REEF TO KEEP THE SHARK FROM DRAGGING ME!

THAT'S IT, TIGER... KEEP SLAPPIN' AROUND UNTIL YOU KNOCK YOURSELF OUT!

A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE SHARK WAS ALL PLAYED OUT AT THE END OF MY 20-FOOT LINE! I SIGNALED THE SHORE AND TWO SINHALESE NATIVES ROWED OUT TO ME IN A NAU"...

HIM BIG FELLA, MISTER HARPOON! MAKE YOU FOUR HUNDRED RUPEES, YOU BETCHA!

HIM ALMOST MAKE *ME* HIS DINNER, MATA ... YOU BETCHA!

"A CEYLON OUTRIGGER

WHEN WE REACHED SHORE, A DAME THAT FILLED A PAIR OF NYLONS LIKE A STOCKING AD, AMBLED UP TO ME AND FLASHED A PEARLY SMILE...

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT THIS SHARK-HUNTING FOR AN AMERICAN, HANDSOME! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR A WEEK!

IT'D BE A PLEASURE TO WATCH YOU OVER A GLASS OR ARRACK! LET'S GO TO COLOMBO CHARLIES!

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BUSINESS FIRST, MR. MEKAY! EVER HEAR OF THE *DEVIL SHARK?*

WHO HASN'T? THAT'S THE BABY WHO'S BEEN LIVIN' IN THE BAYNAPA LAGOON FOR MORE'N TEN YEARS... AND CHOWING UP ON ANY FISH OR MAN WHO TRIES TO DISPOSSESS HIM!

EVER THINK OF HUNTING THE DEVIL...?

YOU CAN BET I HAVE! I'D GIVE AN ARM AND A LEG TO GET HIM! AND I'LL *HUNT* THAT DEVIL AS SOON AS I SELL ENOUGH SHARK MEAT TO ORDER ME A NEW SPEAR GUN FROM THE STATES!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT! HERE'S A NEW SPEAR GUN... AND IT'S YOURS... *PLUS* TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, IF YOU GET THE DEVIL SHARK FOR ME!

FOR TEN GRAND I'D HUNT MOBY DICK WITH A PEA SHOOTER! BUT WHY DO YOU...?

... AND THE SMALL PRINT ON OUR DEAL SAYS... NO QUESTIONS... AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

A NEW SPEAR GUN, AND A TEN-GRAND JOB! THAT WAS SOMETHING TO HOWL ABOUT IN MY BOOK! BUT "SHE" WANTED IT STRICTLY ON THE Q.T., SO THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS! AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT THE LAGOON...
THIS MIDNIGHT HUNTING CUTS MY ODDS PRETTY THIN, LAURA! CAN'T WE...
NO WE CAN'T! IT HAS TO BE DONE AT NIGHT!
ARE YOU READY?
YEP! AND WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIVE... SALUTE YOU! START COUNTING TO TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS ...AND I'LL BE RIGHT UP ...I HOPE!
I DOVE IN AND THE COOL WATER CLOSED AROUND ME! I WAS IN THE DEVIL SHARK'S LIVING ROOM...
NOBODY HOME?
THAT THOUGHT TURNED INTO A WISH AS I SAW A 30-FOOT SHADOW SUDDENLY COME THRU THE GREEN CURTAINS OF THE LOWER FATHOMS! THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THAT SILHOUETTE!
HOLY CA-RIPES! IT'S A HAMMERHEAD!
THE KING KILLER OF THE UNDERWORLD MADE A "TRIAL PASS" AT ME...
...AND NOW COMES THE FOR-REAL ATTACK!
HE CAME AT ME LIKE A STRAFING JET...BUT I WAS READY FOR THE DEVIL!
I PULLED THE TRIGGER... ONCE... TWICE...
HOLY SMOKES! THE GUN DOESN'T KICK! IT'S JAMMED!
3
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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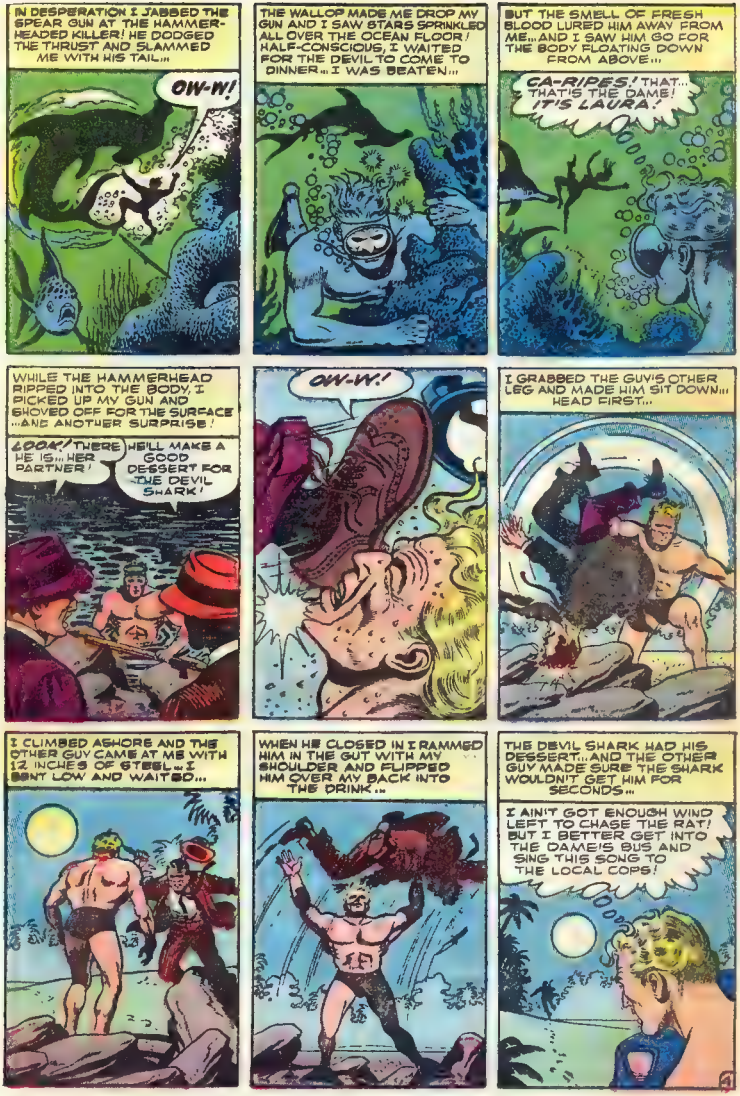
IN DESPERATION I JABBED THE SPEAR GUN AT THE HAMMER-HEADED KILLER! HE DODGED THE THRUST AND SLAMMED ME WITH HIS TAIL...
OW-W!
THE WALLOP MADE ME DROP MY GUN AND I SAW STARS SPRINKLED ALL OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR! HALF-CONSCIOUS, I WAITED FOR THE DEVIL TO COME TO DINNER... I WAS BEATEN...
BUT THE SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD LURED HIM AWAY FROM ME... AND I SAW HIM GO FOR THE BODY FLOATING DOWN FROM ABOVE...
CA-RIPES! THAT... THAT'S THE DAME! IT'S LAURA!
WHILE THE HAMMERHEAD RIPPED INTO THE BODY, I PICKED UP MY GUN AND SHOVED OFF FOR THE SURFACE ...AND ANOTHER SURPRISE!
GOOK! THERE HE IS... HER PARTNER!
HE'LL MAKE A GOOD DESSERT FOR THE DEVIL SHARK!
OW-W!
I GRABBED THE GUY'S OTHER LEG AND MADE HIM SIT DOWN... HEAD FIRST...
I CLIMBED ASHORE AND THE OTHER GUY CAME AT ME WITH 12 INCHES OF STEEL... I SENT LOW AND WAITED...
WHEN HE CLOSED IN I RAMMED HIM IN THE GUT WITH MY SHOULDER AND FLIPPED HIM OVER MY BACK INTO THE DRINK...
THE DEVIL SHARK HAD HIS DESSERT... AND THE OTHER GUY MADE SURE THE SHARK WOULDN'T GET HIM FOR SECONDS...
I AIN'T GOT ENOUGH WIND LEFT TO CHASE THE RAT! BUT I BETTER GET INTO THE DAME'S BUS AND SING THIS SONG TO THE LOCAL COPS!

I RACED OVER TO THE POLICE STATION AS FAST AS THAT FANCY HOT-ROD COULD SPIN HER TIRES! THE COPS LISTENED TO MY STORY... BUT THEY DIDN'T PIN ANY MEDALS ON ME...
BUT WHY WOULD A WOMAN OFFER YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A FISH?
I DON'T KNOW!
AND WHY WOULD ANYONE TRY TO STOP YOU FROM CATCHING THE DEVIL SHARK?
I DON'T KNOW THAT EITHER!
BUT I'LL HAVE ALL THE WHY'S FOR YOU TOMORROW ...BECAUSE I'M GOING DOWN TO GET THAT DEVIL SHARK!
THE NEXT DAY I HAD A POLICE ESCORT TO THE LAGOON! THEY WATCHED ME LIKE A HAWK AS I DOVE IN...
THIS TIME THE HAMMERHEAD WAS WAITING FOR ME! HE CAME AT ME LIKE A BLACK AVALANCHE TUMBLING IN FROM HADES...
I WAITED! THIRTY FEET... TWENTY-FIVE FEET...
TWENTY FEET... FIFTEEN... THAT WAS THE ACCURATE RANGE OF MY SPEAR GUN! I FIRED!
POW!
THE HARPOON SLICED THRU THE WATER AND PUNCTURED THE DEVIL'S UGLY BLACK HIDE...
BUT HE GOT TO ME FOR ONE BITE! I SCREAMED AS HIS POWERFUL JAWS CUT THRU THE FLESH AND BONE OF MY RIGHT LEG...
THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK... AND THE ONLY WAY I KNEW I WAS STILL ALIVE WAS THE PAIN... THE KILLING, GUT-TWISTING PAIN...
5

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LATER IT WAS... BUT WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, I WAS ON SHORE! I HEARD VOICES... AND THE FIRST THING I SAW WAS THE GUY WHO HAD TRIED TO KILL ME THE DAY BEFORE...
THANKS FOR HAULING UP THE DEVIL SHARK FOR ME, COPPERS! NOW SUCE HIM OPEN! GWEAT! AN' NO DO-OR-DIE STUFF!
THE POLICE DID AS THE CHARACTER TOLD THEM ...AND WHEN THE DEVIL SHARK'S GUT WAS OPENED...
DIAMONDS!
YEAH... SIX BAGS FULL! HAND 'EM OVER, COPPER! AND NOW YOU KNOW WHY LAURA HIRED THE SHARK-HUNTER! SHE WAS TRYIN' TO DOUBLE-X ME AND MY PARTNER!
SOUTH AM DIAMOS
SOUTH AM DIAMOS
THE THREE OF US MADE THE HAUL IN SOUTH AMERICA... AND WHEN THE INSURANCE DICKS GOT HOT ON OUR TAILS, WE DECIDED TO PUT THE ROCKS AWAY IN SOME SAFE PLACE!
WE HEARD ABOUT THE DEVIL SHARK AN' HOW HE NEVER LEFT THE LAGOON! SO WE FED HIM THE DIAMONDS INSIDE SMALL FISH! WHEN THE TIME WAS RIPE, WE WERE GONNA HIRE A SHARK-HUNTER, LIKE "HARPOON" TO MAKE THE WITHDRAWAL FOR US!
AN' NOW, BYE-BYE, SUCKERS! AN' SAY THANKS TO THE JERK FOR ME... IF HE LIVES! DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME... OR I'LL PLUG THE FIRST GUY THAT MOVES!
WITH ONE LEG IN THE SHARK'S BELLY, I COULDN'T RUN AFTER THE GUY... SO I LOADED MY SPEAR GUN, AND...
ARG-G-G!
SOUTH AM DIAMOND
SOUTH AM DIAMOND
NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL YOU "HARPOON"! SORRY ABOUT THE LEG! WE BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR FAST!
DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR ME, CHIEF! I ONCE SAID I'D GIVE AN ARM AND A LEG TO GET THE DEVIL SHARK... SO I FIGURE I GOT A BARGAIN ON THE DEAL!
THE END

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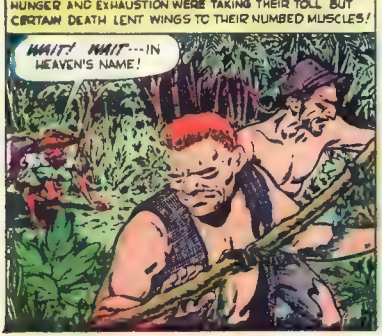
FOR THE WINDUP, LET'S FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF A TRIO OF ESCAPED CONVICTS AS THEY SNEAK THROUGH THE JUNGLE! NO MAN HAS EVER FLED FROM ST. LAZAIRE AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT! WILL *THESE* CREEPS HAVE BETTER LUCK? LET'S FIND OUT!

THE 3RD CORPSE

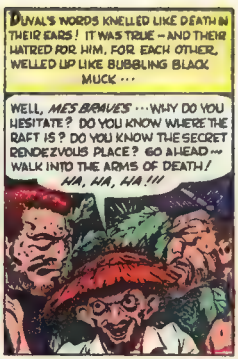
ONE OF THE WEIRDEST OF ALL MEN'S ADVENTURES!
THERE WERE THREE ··· PEPI, ZUCCA, AND DUVAL··· AND ALL THREE WERE CONDEMNED MURDERERS! BEHIND THEM LAY THE DANK, FEVER-RIDDEN JUNGLE FILLED WITH DREADED ZUGG CANNIBALS WHO WERE HUNTING THEM DOWN! BEHIND THEM ALSO LAY THE PRISON HELL-HOLE OF ST. LAZAIRE··· AND AHEAD LAY FREEDOM, PURCHASED WITH BLOOD AND SWEAT··· MAYBE!!!
D 414


IT HAD BEEN THUS FOR TWO DAYS AND ONE NIGHT! HEAT, HUNGER AND EXHAUSTION WERE TAKING THEIR TOLL BUT CERTAIN DEATH LENT WINGS TO THEIR NUMBED MUSCLES!
WAIT! WAIT···IN HEAVEN'S NAME!

NAME OF A BLACK DOG! STAND UP ON YOUR ROTTEN FEET AND COME ALONG!
YES, DUVAL ··· STAND UP! WE DON'T WANT OUR HEADS CHOPPED OFF AND BROUGHT BACK TO ST. LAZAIRE BY THE ZUGGS!!
1

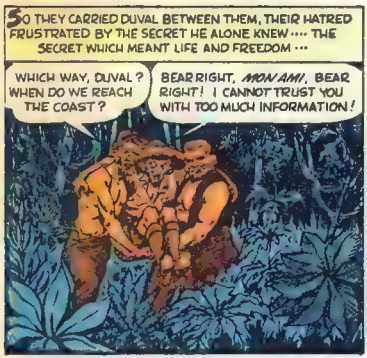
COME ON, PEPI! LEAVE THE SWINE TO ROT! WE'RE WASTING PRECIOUS TIME!
GET A MOVE ON, DUVAL--- OR WE LEAVE YOU TO THE SNAKES AND THE ZUGGS. CURSE YOUR SOUL!

GO ON WITHOUT ME, MES AMIS! GO TO YOUR DEATHS IN THIS STINKING JUNGLE! YOUR FREEDOM DEPENDS ON ME! THIS WAS MY PLAN ... MY ARRANGEMENTS!!


DUVAL'S WORDS KNELLED LIKE DEATH IN THEIR EARS! IT WAS TRUE – AND THEIR HATRED FOR HIM, FOR EACH OTHER, WELLED UP LIKE BUBBLING BLACK MUCK ...
WELL, MES BRAVES ... WHY DO YOU HESITATE? DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE RAFT IS? DO YOU KNOW THE SECRET RENDEZVOUS PLACE? GO AHEAD--- WALK INTO THE ARMS OF DEATH! HA, HA, HA!!!

NAME OF A PIG! SPEAK! SPEAK!! WHERE IS THE RAFT? WHERE DO WE GET FRESH WATER? WHERE DO WE MEET THE SCHOONER?

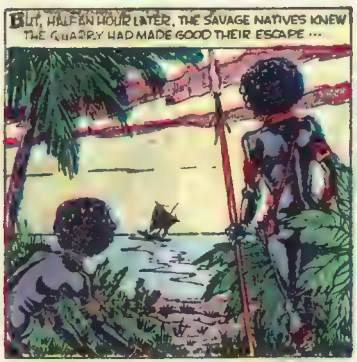
THE WATER? THE RAFT? NO, NO! DEATH WILL NOT TEAR THE WORDS FROM MY LIPS! CARRY ME, MES AMIS --- CARRY ME, AND I WILL GUIDE YOU TO THEM!!

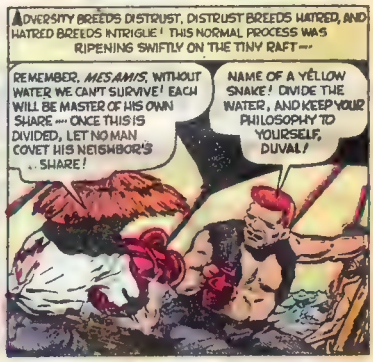

SO THEY CARRIED DUVAL BETWEEN THEM, THEIR HATRED FRUSTRATED BY THE SECRET HE ALONE KNEW .... THE SECRET WHICH MEANT LIFE AND FREEDOM ...
WHICH WAY, DUVAL? WHEN DO WE REACH THE COAST?
BEAR RIGHT, MON AMI, BEAR RIGHT! I CANNOT TRUST YOU WITH TOO MUCH INFORMATION!

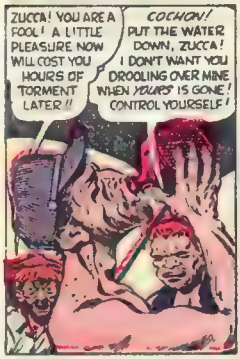
MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE GRIM WALLS OF ST. LAZAIRE ...
RELAX, LIEUTENANT... ALL THREE WILL BE BACK, ON MY WORD! DEATH IS THE MASTER OF OUR DESTINIES HERE ON ST. LAZAIRE!
OVER 48 HOURS ALREADY! OTHERS HAVE BEEN GONE 12 ... EVEN 24 ... BUT NOT 48! THESE SWINE MAY MAKE IT!!

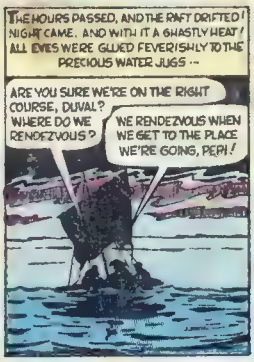
SIP A PERNOD, CEZANNE — THE ZUGGS HAVE NEVER FAILED US YET! FOR ONE STICK OF TOBACCO WE GET THREE HEADS! A FINE BARGAIN!
OUI, MON COMMANDANT, BUT THESE THREE ARE DESPERATE! DESPERATION IS A POWERFUL ALLY TO AN ESCAPED CONVICT!

YOU COULDN'T SEE THEM IN THE JUNGLE BECAUSE THEY BLENDED WITH THE HEAT, THE STENCH, THE SHADOWS .... BUT THE ZUGGS WERE THERE, RELENTLESSLY TRACKING DOWN THEIR QUARRY ..


BUT, HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE SAVAGE NATIVES KNEW THE QUARRY HAD MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE ...


ADVERSITY BREEDS DISTRUST, DISTRUST BREEDS HATRED, AND HATRED BREEDS INTRIGUE! THIS NORMAL PROCESS WAS RIPENING SWIFTLY ON THE TINY RAFT —
REMEMBER, MES AMIS, WITHOUT WATER WE CAN'T SURVIVE! EACH WILL BE MASTER OF HIS OWN SHARE — ONCE THIS IS DIVIDED, LET NO MAN COVET HIS NEIGHBOR'S SHARE!
NAME OF A YELLOW SNAKE! DIVIDE THE WATER, AND KEEP YOUR PHILOSOPHY TO YOURSELF, DUVAL!


ZUCCA! YOU ARE A FOOL! A LITTLE PLEASURE NOW WILL COST YOU HOURS OF TORMENT LATER!!
COCHON! PUT THE WATER DOWN, ZUCCA! I DON'T WANT YOU DROOLING OVER MINE WHEN YOURS IS GONE! CONTROL YOURSELF!


THE HOURS PASSED, AND THE RAFT DRIFTED! NIGHT CAME, AND WITH IT A GHASTLY HEAT! ALL EYES WERE GLUED FEVERISHLY TO THE PRECIOUS WATER JUGS ..
ARE YOU SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE, DUVAL? WHERE DO WE RENDEZVOUS?
WE RENDEZVOUS WHEN WE GET TO THE PLACE WE'RE GOING, PEPI!

KEEP YOUR MIND OFF THE WATER, ZUCCA! WAIT TILL MORNING... THEN YOU CAN WET YOUR LIPS A BIT!
I'LL MAKE THE DECISION MYSELF! I'M PARCHED! I'M GOING MAD WITH THIRST! I'LL TAKE A FEW DROPS NOW, AND ...

THE FEW DROPS WENT DOWN QUICKLY—BUT THE MUSCULAR SPASMS OF A PARCHED THROAT COULD NOT STOP AT JUST A FEW DROPS ··· SO ···
SACRÉ NOM! HE DRAINED HIS RATION!
OUI! AND I WILL BE THE STRONGER FOR IT! I'LL LAST IT OUT! A FEW PALTRY DROPS, BUT THEY TASTED LIKE WINE!
NIGHT FELL, AND THEY SLEPT IN A SEMI-CONSCIOUS STUPOR, MEN TORMENTED BY THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE··
I WAS A FOOL TO DRINK MY RATION! IT HAS ONLY MADE MY THIRST MORE MADDENING! MAYBE···
PSSST! PEPI! WAKE UP! DO YOU HEAR ME? WAKE UP!
HUH?
WE'RE FOOLS, PEPI! WE CAN DO WITHOUT DUVAL NOW! YOUR WATER IS ALMOST GONE··MINE ALREADY IS! WITH HIS RATION, WE CAN REACH FREEDOM!
QUIET, YOU MADMAN! I'LL HAVE NONE OF IT! NOT THAT I CARE A FIG FOR DUVAL'S LIFE - BUT HE ALONE KNOWS WHERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SCHOONER! GO AWAY AND SWEAT, YOU DOG!
A KNIFE FLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT BUT PEPI WARDED OFF THE BLOW AND SENT HIS OWN CRUDE STILETTO SEARING INTO ZUCCA'S BODY LIKE A HOT NEEDLE!!
UGH! AARRRGH!
THERE SON OF A FILTHY SWINE!
NO! NO, PEPI! DON'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE! HIS CARCASS WILL BRING EVERY SHARK IN THE OCEAN THRASHING AROUND US! LET HIM LIE HERE! WE'LL WITHSTAND THE STENCH!
DAWN CAME, AND WITH IT CAME THE HOT SUN TO SEAR AND BLISTER TWO LIVING CORPSES AND ONE DEAD ONE ···
NOT A BREATH OF WIND·· WE'RE BECALMED, DUVAL! HOW CAN WE REACH THE RENDEZVOUS WITHOUT WIND TO GET US THERE? FATE HAS CAUGHT UP WITH US!
FATE IS DEATH'S FANCY— WE'RE NOT DEAD YET, PEPI! THE SCHOONER WILL WAIT· WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

HEAT AND THIRST! DIZZINESS AND NAUSEA SWEPT OVER PEPI — WATER MEANT LIFE, AND NOW HIS RATION WAS GONE! BUT NOT DUVAL'S…

WATER! THE SWINE STILL HAS SOME! HE CHEATED US! HE KEPT THE BIGGEST SHARE FOR HIMSELF, AND NOW HE PLANS TO ESCAPE ALONE! OH, NO YOU DON'T, DUVAL!"

NAME OF A YELLOW CUR! YOU DIE, DUVAL, YOU CHEATING, DOUBLE-CROSSING SNAKE!

THEY STRUGGLED SAVAGELY, LOCKED IN A DEATH-GRIP, UNTIL DUVAL COUNTERED A WICKED BLOW AND PLUNGED HIS OWN KNIFE HOME! BUT EVEN AS HE DID SO —

AYIEEEEE!!! THE WATER!

HE WATCHED IT FLOAT FOR A SECOND, ITS HOLLOW INTERIOR FILLING WITH SEA WATER — UNDRINKABLE BRINE! HE HAD GAMBLED — AND LOST!

HA, HA, HA! WE HAVE LOST! ST. LAZAIRE HAS LOST! THE ZUGGS HAVE LOST! AND WE HAVE LOST! HA, HA, HA!!!

THE *MARIAGELETTE* WAS A FILTHY TRAMP, EQUAL IN ODIOUS INFAMY TO HER CAPTAIN AND CREW! THE SCHOONER RENDEZVOUSED WITH THE RAFT ON SCHEDULE, AT THE PREARRANGED SPOT…

SACRÉ BLEU! THEY ARE DEAD — ALL THREE! SHALL I THROW THEM OVER TO THE SHARKS, *MON CAPITAINE?*

I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DO, GREIFELT! HAUL THOSE CORPSES ABOARD!

BUT WE'VE BEEN CHEATED, CAPTAIN! CHEATED BY *DEATH!!*

OH NO, *MON CHER GREIFELT!* WE WERE *NOT* CHEATED AT ALL! THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT PERFECTLY! *THESE THREE* PAID US FIFTY THOUSAND FRANCS TO *MEET* THEM HERE…

… AND THE *PRISON AUTHORITIES* PAID US *ANOTHER* FIFTY THOUSAND TO BRING THEM BACK… *DEAD* OR *ALIVE!!!*

DON'T MISS THE NEXT GREAT ISSUE OF **MEN'S ADVENTURES!** FROM THE EXCITING COVER TO THE VERY LAST PAGE, THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT! LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

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You! You still can win $100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes. If you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS My heroic CHEST My pride manly SHOULDERS My POPULARITY with boys The GIRLS go for me—crazy to get-say. My new ease me in SPORTS. In new confidence in STRENGTH. My healthy glow of vitality

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!

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I TRAINED THESE MEN

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NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use. 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

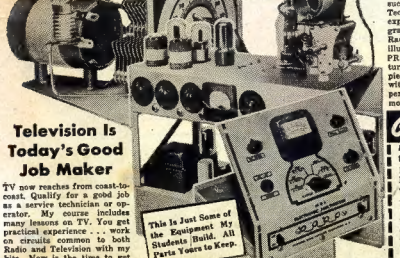
AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.



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TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

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